

'The Nail'

'Perfect' at the Olympics means you 'Nailed it - Good Nail' the Shingles down - Good
Get your 'Nails' done - Good
Swallow a 'Nail' Bad.

I was living in a Foster Home in 1939 I was Fourteen. I couldn't cut ~~it~~ⁱⁿ conventional Schools. I was placed in a Vocational School. First I was in an Electrical Class. But being Color Blind & I didn't know it. I couldn't match up Wires. At the time the Teacher thought I never learned my Colors. Then they put me in Wood Working. I liked that. I could always work with my Hands - We made a two story Club House on the Field where I lived. I made the best Wagons around. I was the Man. We were putting Panels on the Class Room because the School Rooms were being remodeled. The Instructor was on a six foot ladder & some of the other Boys were holding up the panels with long Stix - like long Broom Stix. He was sitting on top & showed us how to put four Finishing Nails in his Mouth like toothpicks. It looked ok to me because he was the Instructor. He Nailed the Top & down the sides & we were to Nail the Bottom. It just so happened I was first. I put the four Nails in my mouth like he did. I Nailed them in one at a time & when I got to Number

Four I didn't have it. I remember someone
 around the Second or Third Nail something
 happening in my Mouth. The Instructor
 said 'Whats Wrong?' I told him I think I
 might have swallowed one. I told him
 I wasn't sure. I didn't hurt anywhere but
 I know I started ~~fall~~ with Four. It was
 Public School & someone decided I should go
 to the Hospital & get checked out. I don't
 remember the Trip to the Hospital. But I
 know it was 'John Hopkins'. It wasn't
 long before they had me standing in front
 of a Fluoroscope. It seemed to me it was about
 the size of a Pillow. At first it was me -
 A Doctor & whoever brought me. One of them
 said 'There it is' ~~just~~ just about ^{where} ~~to the~~ your
 Appendix ~~is~~. The Room started to fill up
 as word must have gotten around. It seemed
 at the time there were Hundreds of Interns
 there. It was probably about Twenty Five. They
 were starting to scare me - Do you think
 it will pass - the Nail was 'point' first.
 We could Cut here if we have to. That
 kinda stuff didn't sit right with me. So
 while they were all huddled up - deciding
 my Fate. They didn't notice me sneaking
 out of the Room. I ran down the Halls
 & came out on ~~Brow~~ Broadway. I knew
 where I was then. I just checked on my
 old Balto. City Map. I walked Sixty Four
 Blocks to the Foster Home. I never told

the People I was staying with about what
 had happened to me. I never went back
 to School & I never heard any more about
 it. I knew I had to go to some School
 so I went to Central Ave & Lexington St
 to another Vocational School. My Friend
 lived on Benton St & that's where he
 went, so the next day I walked to
 School & enrolled myself. Its hard to
 believe now that I could do that. A
 few months later they put me out & I
 went to work in a Body & Fender Shop
 for Eight Dollars a week. That's when the
 Childrens Aid Society stopped paying my
 Room & Board for me & Eddy. About
 once or twice a year I get this sharp pain
 in my Right Side, but it only last for
 a few Minutes. I know one thing for
 sure - When I go - The Nail goes with me
 Jim M.